



Jim's JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

● GENERAL unhappiness with the Ontario Municipal Board decision to grant a very limited amount of land to Milton by annexation continues locally. Enthusiasm is generating for signatures on petitions that might have some interesting results. The one petition may be signed by those living in the present town of Milton who are entitled to vote on money by-laws. The other petition may be signed by those living in the area proposed for annexation who are entitled to vote on money by-laws. In both cases 10 per cent of those entitled to sign are required to make the petitions effective.

Sugar and Spice ...

BY BILL SMILEY

My daughter is furious with me. Again. She's at that age, 14, when daughters have very little difficulty in becoming enraged with their fathers. This occurs, of course, only on days when they're not sore as a boil at their mothers.

She has good reasons, of course. She claims I'm crabby in the morning and grouchy at night. This is because I'm always hollering up the stairs to tell her to get a move on, in the morning, and hollering up the stairs telling her to get her light off, at night.

She calls me an old crock when I refuse to play badminton with her, because of my bursitis. And when I do play, and beat her, she is like all women. She accuses me of cheating or playing like a big bully.

She goes livid with rage when I try to help her through some situation I know will be tough. "What do you think I am, Dad, a child?" But she grows purple with passion when I remind her that she's not an infant and can just keep on looking for her lost

gym suit and I don't care if her P.T. teacher does kill her and she can play basketball in her underwear, for all I care.

She boils with bellicosity when she wants help with her homework and I remind her that she thinks I'm stupid and she'd better do it herself.

When I play the heavy father, moralistic and conventional, she calls me, in disgust, an "old poke". When I get gay and kick up my heels and become the life of the party, she is miffed and makes cracks about my lack of dignity.

In fact, about the only time we seem to be on our old basis of true buddies is when she's trying to wheedle some money. Then her true sweetness and my innate generosity shine through and we get along beautifully. Until I remind her that she's to be in at 11 p.m., even if it is Friday night.

Oh well, that's about standard these days, for a healthy father - daughter relationship.

I decided to use a portrait of Kim in my English teaching. It was painted, and extremely well done, by Jean Hav, whose daughter Princess and Kim were bosom pals then, about age nine.

I took the painting to school, held it up for three minutes for the class, then told the students to describe the impression it made on them. Results were interesting.

Quote: "He wasn't very old, perhaps about ten, but the eyes were those of an old, tired man. An over-worked man."

Quote: "I think that this child is a bedraggled orphan wishing for parents to love and care for him."

Quote: "Tears of pity or forlornness could almost be seen."

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● FALL COLORS in this part of the country can be just as interesting as in the north. Ran into more traffic around that treacherous Rattlesnake Point Road on Sunday than I've ever seen before. As we seemed to follow some of the roads included on the Cuesta Drive the traffic was heavier, indicating the popularity of that Conservation Authority-sponsored route.

● PERHAPS someone might develop new lyrics to "Home on the Range" that would be more applicable for this part of the country, now that buffalo have been brought into the area. We've had deer for some time and now we've got the buffalo. Fleeting glimpses of them were available on Sunday in their new home at the Mountsberg Conservation Area after their train trip from the west. They arrived Saturday. Eventually they will be grazing in the Rattlesnake Point vicinity. If their temerity continues there'll be no need to tear them.



But this week she went off like a sky rocket.

The M-C Freeway



HIGHWAY 401, recently renamed the Macdonald-Cartier Freeway, snakes its way across the centre of Halton County. This view of the busy freeway was taken from the Seventh Line bridge, Oakville, looking east toward Toronto.

Man and Beast ...

Admiring some pheasants over the weekend and the keepers mentioned some of the difficulties in raising these timid birds. Apparently they are sometimes inclined to peck each other and if the peck is sufficient to produce blood it's not long before most other birds press the attack on the injured animal.

It all sounded pretty cruel and the blood-thirsty aspects didn't sit too well. As we began to reflect on the superior position of humans we were caught in our thoughts with flashes from the current general election campaign.

Politicians or retired politicians have been writing at a furious rate, it would seem, attacking those in authority or vindicating their own position. One prepared a book on John Diefenbaker that just happened to thrust itself on the market following the announcement of an election.

Change of Emphasis Needed ...

The "debunker" is riding high these days. Everywhere you turn verbal sharpshooters are telling us that Canada has nothing worth celebrating in 1967. Our government is inept, our schools inadequate, our churches worthless and our homes dissolving, so they say. These critics are skilful and they score some direct hits. They also get a ready hearing. There's a sadistic streak in most of us, and we like to watch the other fellow squirm.

No one would deny the need to scrutinize our institutions and our ethics carefully. We must constantly reform and readjust, but it's time to ask where all this destructiveness is taking us.

Much as we may chafe at their limitations, we live by and through these time-tested social groupings. Without them we are homeless and lost. The late Dr. Lothrop Stoddard of Harvard pointed this out clearly. "Civilization is characterized," he wrote "by political and social organizations composed of individuals capable of sustaining the elaborate complex and handing it on. It will progress just so far as that people has the ability to bear the burden which it entails".

Caustic criticism is easy and interesting but alone, it is unproductive. Nothing could be further from the temper of our founding

Canadians now find themselves watching, at the national level, a type of contest that is not only disappointing but very much akin to the way those pheasants work that we mentioned earlier.

Halton candidates have managed to avoid this approach and it speaks highly for them. Voters in Halton have their choice of three excellent men. It is vital as the campaign reaches a peak that every Halton voter consider well the location of his "X" on November 8. Predictions are that of Halton's 66,000 eligible voters, a good 20,000 still haven't decided.

Building workable social structures is a slow, frustrating, unspectacular process — the work of teachers, pastors, administrators, parents. They have a right to ask the attackers for blue-prints and solutions, above all for personal involvement. If they cannot produce the first and are unwilling to dig in themselves, let them hold their fire.

Hallowe'en Saturday ...

Hallowe'en is a very unorganized affair and the only certainty is the annual date. That certainly vanishes when the date falls as it does this year on Sunday.

By way of establishing some uniformity we've taken it upon ourselves to communicate with the "powers that be" and "decree" that this year Hallowe'en should be celebrated on the Saturday evening, October 30.

That way the skittering ghosts and goblins, hobos and clowns, animals and animated may expect a normal Hallowe'en reception on the Saturday, and Hallowe'en may return to some organized basis.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

GLANCING BACK TO 20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, Oct. 18, 1945.

Considering the threatening weather, there was a fairly large crowd in and around the fair grounds on Monday to witness the fast and thrilling motorcycle races. A large majority supported the cause by paying admission. Much interest was centred in the beauty contest which was held in the Princess Theatre and which brought out some very lovely looking girls in their glamorous evening dresses. The contestants were Evelyn Pelletier of Ash, Doreen Bayley of Oakville, Anne Coverdale of Cedar Springs, Lorna Sharpe and Phyllis Robertson of Campbellville and Mary Scisizzi of Milton Heights. Mr. M. March presented the winner, Phyllis Robertson, with a beautiful wrist watch.

Results of the Field Day held at Milton High School on October 5 were as follows: senior girls' champion, Donna Paupst; intermediate girls' champion,

Mary Hopkin; junior girls' champion, Joan Bell; senior boys' champion, Colin Anderson; intermediate boys' champion, Don Milton and junior boys' champion, Ken Giddings.

Twelve of the 14 members of the Halton Girls' Garden Brigade completed the season's project by staging a display of vegetables, canned goods, record books and other items at Milton Fair on September 29. The exhibit created much favorable comment. In the awards just released by Miss Lulu Rowe, home economics coach, Mrs. John Hunter of the Ashgrove Club won the championship which entitles the winner to a week's course at MacDonald Institute, Guelph, this coming winter. Other awards were in the following order: Mrs. J. H. Hunter, Margaret Brown, Mrs. Clarence McCready, Betty Ruddell, Mae Wingfield, Mrs. Fisher, Marion Currie, Irene Mitchell, Doris Brownridge, Viola Bridgen, Mary English and Mrs. Ralph Anderson.

GLANCING BACK TO 50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, Oct. 21, 1915.

Last season, Miltonians played checker matches, but there was no organized club. At a meeting on Saturday evening, organization was completed with the following officers: honorable president Judge Elliott, president Duncan McCallum, vice-president John Irving, second vice-president M. J. Carton, secretary Alex Armstrong, treasurer, R. S. Fleming, executive committee W. J. Clements and Jas. Murray. There are 30 members and a good season is expected. A fine club room has been leased in the Bank of Hamilton building.

The fair of the Halton Agricultural Society here yesterday was fortunate. The weather was beautiful and the roads in good

condition and the attendance broke all records. No official figures have been given out but estimates run from 10,000 to 14,000. Records were broken, too, in the number of entries. All classes were well filled and the total was the highest ever known here. Lockie Wilson of the Ontario Department of Agriculture was one of the most competent critics and he was emphatic in his approval of the fair and congratulated the directors on their enterprise and good management.

The annual convention of the Halton Sunday School Association was held at the Methodist Church here on the 6th inst. President J. M. Denyes was in charge. There was a good attendance of delegates from different parts of the county.

GLANCING BACK TO 100 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, Oct. 19, 1865.

The autumn term of the grammar school will begin on Monday next. There is always a large increase in the number of pupils at this season. The number on the roll for last quarter was 20. The terms are one dollar a month for all branches.

Taken from an editorial regarding "Cheese Factories". We have frequently urged upon farmers residing near Milton and indeed upon those of the County of Halton generally, to take into their serious consideration the propriety of establishing cheese factories in convenient localities. Wherever it has been tried, whether in Canada or the United States, it has succeeded admirably, it conducted

with ordinary prudence. Thomas H. Willmott has resolved to test the question practically and has issued circulars to the farmers in the vicinity of Milton and to others interested in the enterprise to attend a meeting in the vicinity of Milton.

On Monday evening, as a distinguished veterinary surgeon was strolling up Main St., the fence in front of Dr. Crooker's residence flew out on the sidewalk and tripped him, so that he was landed on the wrong side of the fence. Marvellous to relate, the doctor escaped with a few trifling bruises. For the information of the public, we are authorized to state that the doctor was not under the influence of "forty-rod" as he once fell about three feet.



DOWN(S) IN THIS CORNER

WITH ROY DOWNS

IF YOU'RE IN the fall doldrums (as I was on Saturday) I've got an idea to help you out of a jam.

You know the kind of doldrums I mean: The leaves need raking and your wife is pestering you to get them cleaned up so she can find the rest of the children's lost toys; the grass needs cutting again and three weeks ago you put the lawn mower away for the winter (?); the windows need cleaning; the storms need to be installed; and the debris in the basement resembles the remains of the Lost City of Atlantis.

All you want to do is sit with your feet on the hassock and watch the games on TV.

WELL, MAN, here's the answer! Get outside in the great outdoors, man, and soak up some of the beauties of nature. The colorful greens and golds and crimson of the trees that will fire up your

metabolism, give you the energy you're lacking, and send you back in top shape, all set to tackle the tasks and tote the barge and sharpen your nose on the grindstone, whatever all that means.

Go admire the beauties of Ma Nature, she'll smack you right in the eye, put a spring in your step, touch your heartstrings, hit you right where you live!

SO I DID.

Took the wife and family out for a glorious two-hour walk on the lovely Bruce Trail north of Kelso. With small youngsters, one in a stroller, we didn't walk too far but it was a grand day, the autumn colors were gorgeous, we saw wildlife and the odd fall flower and we breathed in that wonderful clean air you don't enjoy in an industrialized town.

My, what fun. Met lots of other hikers, too. One fellow had a blonde on one arm and a rifle on the other, and

we hoped all the way home that he wasn't walking in there to do away with her. (Mothers, if your pretty, blonde, 18-year-old daughter has been missing since Saturday, my wife can give you a description of the gun-toting guy. Me, I didn't notice his face, and we like to watch the other fellow squirm.)

Anyway, we arrived back home all tuckered out from the long walk.

And needless to say, the leaves still need raking, three dozen toys are still lost, the grass is longer than ever, the windows are just as dirty, the storms are still decorating the furnace room, and the basement look just SLIGHTLY WORSE than the remains of Atlantis.

But there was a dandy football game on TV when we got home, and my legs were tired, and it was getting cool outside, and ... well, maybe next weekend I'll get the fall chores done.

PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



A RETURNED SOLDIERS' OUTING held in Milton just after the First World War was photographed by Mr. Sherman, a local photographer, and this picture was loaned The Champion by Hilda Taylor of Victoria Harbour. "The two girls in the foreground are Clarice Armstrong and Phyllis Stover, and I believe the boy at the front is Bob Fleming. Others are Mrs. Proctor, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Bolingbroke," she writes. The Champion would like to borrow any old photos of Milton buildings, people or activities, for use in this weekly series.

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Library Notes

Spring is usually the time when the publishers produce their most important books, however, amongst the many new books available at the library are several by favorite well known authors.

One of these is **Halifax, Warden of the North** by Thomas Raddall. This account includes heroism, scoundrels and romance and is an authoritative book about a city blessed and cursed by its location, but of unique importance through-out Canada's history. **Paris** a book by Andre George will evoke fond memories of that beautiful city in the minds of all who have visited her and prompt others to go there if possible. The treasures of the Louvre, many examples of noble buildings and quaint corners of Montmartre are all to be found in this beautifully illustrated account of all vital, romantic city.

Robert Wilder has turned to Mexico and the larger American cities for the locale of his new novel **Fruit of the Poppy**. Against a constantly changing background he gives a stirring account of the men of the United States Federal Bureau of Narcotics and their Mexican counterparts, men whose lives are devoted to battling against those whose aim is to corrupt and enslave in search for personal gain.

With all parts of Africa in the forefront of the news a novel

with a Sudanese background is of particular interest, this is **Jangara** by John Hawkins. With the country setting out on the unknown ways of independence the difficulties, dangers and opposing viewpoints of the principal characters are dramatically presented as each one is borne along towards a personal crisis. Another suspense filled novel is **Charlotte Armstrong's The Witch's House** with a bizarre, nightmarish plot. This no one will put down until the end.

Writing in his usual hilarious manner light relief is provided by Patrick Dennis in **The Joyous Season**. Anyone interested in Little Theatre will be highly diverted by Mary Durants' witty comedy **An End to Patience**. Claimed as a serio-comic novel **A Fine Madness** by Elliott Baker is considered a blend of comic situations and serious ideas, humor for moderns, no doubt. Last but not in any list of humor is **Mrs. Arris Goes to Parliament**. Anyone who has read the other Mrs. Arris books by Paul Gallico will be clamoring for further adventures of the redoubtable Ada Arris.

Mystery and science fiction fans will find many books by new authors and titles by old favorites.

Don't forget the **STORY HOUR** for pre-schoolers and kindergarten boys and girls on Thursday at 2.00 p.m.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on!"

— Henry Burton